

2018

Concert recording 2018-04-16

Anna Wood

Lisa Auten

Max Hinojosa

Ashley Trotter

Hannah Mindeman Shuman

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Performer(s)

Anna Wood, Lisa Auten, Max Hinojosa, Ashley Trotter, Hannah Mindeman Shuman, Garrett Vogel, Emily Auten, Hannah Rodriguez, Ann Rye, Ismaelena Serrano, Dennese Adkins, Lisa Kulczak, Cheri Headrick, and Siyu Lou

UPCOMING EVENTS

- APRIL**
- Wed 18 Guest Artist Recital:**
Jose Leon, bass trombone
6:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Thu 19 Hertzog Guitar Studio Recital**
6:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Thu 19 UA New Music Ensemble**
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- Fri 20 MacRae Voice Studio Recital**
8:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Sun 22 UA Symphonic and Concert Band**
3:00 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- Mon 23 UA Wind Ensemble**
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- APRIL CONT.**
- Tue 24 UA Wind Symphony**
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- Wed 25 Pierce Tuba/Euph. Studio Recital**
7:30 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Thu 26 Mixdorf Trombone Studio Recital**
6:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- The 26 UA Schola Cantorum**
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- Sun 29 Guest Artist Recital: Leigh Muñoz, bassoon**
2:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Sun 29 UA Tuba & Euphonium Ensemble**
5:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free

Ushering and stage management for this concert provided by
Sigma Alpha Iota and Phi Mu Alpha.

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UNIVERSITY OF
ARKANSAS

J. William Fulbright
College of Arts & Sciences

Park Voice Studio Recital

students of
Dr. Moon-Sook Park

UAMusic

April 16, 2018 | 7:00 PM
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

Concert Program

Music for a While Henry Purcell (1659–1695)
Lachen und Weinen..... Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Anna Wood, *soprano*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Sebben crudele..... Antonio Caldara (1670–1736)
Money, O! Michael Head (1900–1976)

Max Hinojosa, *baritone*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Les Berceaux Gabriele Faurè (1845–1924)
Music I heard with you..... Richard Hageman (1881–1966)

Ashley Trotter, *soprano*
Hannah Mindeman, *piano*

Die Forelle..... Schubert
Take, o take those lips away..... Roger Quilter (1877–1953)

Garrett Vogel, *baritone*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

La pastorella delle Alpi Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)
Pastorale..... Georges Bizet (1838–1875)

Emily Auten, *soprano*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Laudamus te Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)
from *Mass in C minor*, K. 427

Winter..... Dominick Argento (b. 1927)

Hannah Rodriguez, *soprano*
Ann Rye, *piano*

Air grave

Ah! Fuyez à présent,
Malheureuses pensées!
O! colère, o! remords!
Souvenirs qui m'avez
Les deux tempes pressées,
De l'étreinte des morts.
Sentiers de mousse pleins,
Vaporeuses fontaines,
Grottes profondes, voix
Des oiseaux et du vent
Lumières incertaines
Des sauvages sous-bois,
Insectes animaux,
Beauté future,
Ne me repousse pas,
Ô divine nature
Je suis ton suppliant.
Ah! Fuyez à présent,
Malheureuses pensées!
O! colère, o! remords!

Air vif

Le trésor du verger
Et le jardin en fête,
Les fleurs des champs,
Des bois, éclatent de plaisir,
Hélas! Hélas!
Et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa voix.
Mais toi noble ocean
Que l'assaut des tourmentes
Ne saurait ravager
Certes plus dignement,
Lorsque tut e lamentes,
Tut e prends à songer.

Serious air

Ah! Flee now
Miserable thoughts!
Oh! Rage, oh! Scruples!
Memories which have
Pressed both my temples
In the grip of the dead.
Paths of thick moss,
Vaporous fountains,
Deep grottos, voices
Of birds and the wind,
Uncertain lights
Of wild primeval forests,
Insects, animals,
Future beauty,
Do not turn me away,
O divine nature,
I am your suppliant.
Ah! Flee now
Miserable thoughts!
Oh! Rage, oh! Scruples!

Lively air

The treasure of the orchard
And the festive garden,
The flowers of the fields
And woodlands burst with pleasure,
Alas! Alas!
And above them the wind raises his voice.
But you, noble ocean
That the assault of storms
Could not ravage,
Certainly, with more dignity,
Once you lament,
You lose yourself in dreams.

translation by Bertram Kottmann

Empia! dovevi allora
porgermi un fil d'aita,
quando tra'èa la vita
in grembo dei (nell'ansia e nei)* sospir.
A che d'inutil pianto
assordi la foresta?
Rispetta un ombra mesta
e lasciala dormir.

*text set by Verdi

Wicked one! You should then
have offered me a thread of help,
when my life was pulled
into the womb of (into anxiety and) sighing.
For what with useless crying?
Why do you deafen the forest?
Respect a ghost, sad,
and let it sleep.

translation by Bard Suverkrop

Плач об умершем младенце

Солнце и дождик,
Сиянье и мгла.
Туман опустился,
Померкла луна.
Кого родила она?
Мальчика, мальчика.
А как назвали?
Мойшелэ, Мойшелэ.
А в чём качали Мойшелэ?
В люльке.
А чем кормили?
Хлебом да луком.
А где схоронили?
В могиле.

Ой, мальчик в могиле, в могиле!
Мойшелэ, в могиле, ой
Ой, мальчик в могиле, в могиле!
Мойшелэ, в могиле, ой!

text from a collection of Jewish folk songs

Lament for a Dead Child

Sun and rain,
Light and darkness.
The fog has descended,
Darkening the moon.
To whom have you given birth?
To a boy, to a boy.
How he was named?
Moishele, Moishele.
In what did you rock him?
In the cradle.
With what did we feed him?
Bread and onions.
Where did we bury him?
In the grave.

Oy! the boy is in a grave
Moishele is in the grave, ой!
Oy! the boy is in the grave!
Moishele is in the grave, ой!

translation by Anton Belov

Air Champêtre

Belle source, belle source,
Je veux me rappeler sans cesse,
Qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié
Ravi, j'ai contemplé
Ton visage, ô dèesse,
Perdu sous la mou,
Sous la mousse à moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré,
Cet ami que je pleure,
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,
Au souffle qui t'effleure,
Et répondre à ton
flot cache?

Pastoral air

Beautiful spring, beautiful spring,
I wish to remember forever,
That one day, guided by affection,
Enchanted, I looked at
Your face, o Goddess,
Half concealed underneath the moss.
Underneath the moss.

Has he but remained,
This friend for whom I mourn.
O nymph, adhering to your cult,
To mingle at least
With the breeze that touches you
And to respond to your hidden waters?

From *Canciones clásicas españolas* Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
I. La mi sola, Laureola
II. Al amor
III. ¿Corazón porqué pasáis
IV. Chiquitita la novia

Ismaelena Serrano, *soprano*
Ann Rye, *piano*

From *Lieder und Gesänge* Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
aus 'Wilhelm Meister,' Op. 98a

Kennst du das Land
Nur Wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Heiss mich nict reden, heiss mich schweigen

Dennese Adkins, *soprano*
Ann Rye, *piano*

Non t'accostar all'urna Schubert
Non t'accostar all'urna Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Плач об умершем младенце Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975)

Lisa Kulczak, *mezzo-soprano*
Cheri Headrick, *soprano*
Ann Rye, *piano*

Airs Chantés Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

I. Air Romantique
II. Air Champêtre
III. Air Grave
IV. Air Vif

Siyu Lou, *soprano*
Ann Rye, *piano*

Text and Translations

Music for a While

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdain'g to be pleas'd
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.

Lachen und Weinen

Lachen und Weinen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust;
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewußt.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Abends weint' ich vor Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
Muß ich dich fragen, o Herz.

Sebben crudele

Sebben, crudele,
Mi fai languir,
Sempre fedele
Ti voglio amar.

Con la lunghezza
Del mio servir
La tua fierezza
Saprò stancar.

Money, O!

When I had money, money, O!
I knew no joy till I went poor;
For many a false man as a friend
Came knocking all day at my door.
Then felt I like a child that holds

Laughter and Tears

Laughter and tears at any hour
rest on Love in so many ways.
In the morning I laugh for joy,
and why I now weep
in the evening glow,
is something unknown to me.

Tears and laughter at any hour
rest on Love in so many ways.
In the evening I weep for sorrow;
and why you can awake
in the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, o my heart!

translation by Emily Ezust

Although cruel love

Although, cruel love,
you make me languish,
I will always
love you true.

With the patience
of my serving
I will be able to tire out
your pride.

translation by Bertram Kottmann

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach, der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiß, was ich leide!

Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,

Heiß mich nicht reden,
heiß mich schweigen,
Denn mein Geheimniß ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muß sich erhellen;
Der harte Fels schließt seinen Busen auf,
Mißgönnt der Erde nicht
die tiefverborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen
sich ergießen;
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie
aufzuschließen.

Non t'accostar all'urna

Non t'accostar all'urna
che l'ossa (il cener)* mie rinserra.
Questa pietosa terra
è sacra al mio dolor.
(Odio gli affanni tuoi)*
Ricuso i tuoi giacinti;
non voglio i pianti tuoi
che giovano agli estinti
due lagrime (lacrime)* o due fior?

Only one who knows longing

Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From all the joy,
I look into the firmament
In that direction.
Ah! The one who knows and loves me
Is far away.
I am dizzy, they burn
My insides.
Only one who knows longing
Knows what I suffer!

translation by Bard Suverkrop

Don't ask me to speak - ask me to be silent

Don't ask me to speak -
ask me to be silent,
For my secret is a solemn duty to me.
I wish I could bare my soul to you,
But Fate does not will it.

At the right time, the sun's course will dispel
The dark night, and it must be illuminated.
The hard rock will open its bosom; and
Ungrudgingly, the earth will release
deep hidden springs.

Others may seek calm in the arms of a friend;
There one can pour out one's
heart in lament.
But for me alone, a vow locks my lips,
And only a god has the power
to open them.

translation by Emily Ezust

Do not approach the urn

Do not approach the urn
that encloses my bones.
This holy ground
is sacred to my sorrow.
(I hate your anguish)
I refuse your hyacinths;
I do not want your tears;
What use are they to the dead,
two tears or two flowers?

Y... contemos al revés.

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis...

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis
Las noches de amor despierto
Si vuestro dueño
En los brazos de otro dueño? Ah!

Chiquitita la Novia

Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala,
Y el dormitorio,
Pore so yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y el mosquitero.

Kennst du das Land

Kennst du das Land? wo die Zitronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht,
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man Dir, du armes Kind, gethan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg
und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maulthier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
Es stürzt der Fels und
über ihn die Flut.
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! Dahin
Geht unser Weg! o Vater,
laß uns ziehn!

And... let's count backwards.

Heart, why...

Heart, why do you spend
The nights of love awake
When your owner rests
In the arms of another? Ah!

Tiny Bride

Tiny is the bride,
Tiny is the groom,
Tiny is the living room,
Tiny is the bedroom.
That is why I want
A tiny bed with a
Mosquito net.

translation by IPA Source

Do you know the land

Do you know the land where citrons bloom,
Golden oranges glow among dark leaves,
A gentle wind blows from the blue sky,
The myrtle is still, and the laurel stands tall?
Do you know it well?
It is there! - there
That I would go with you, my beloved.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests on pillars.
Its hall is resplendent, its chambers shine;
And marble statues stand and watch me:
What have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it well?
It is there! - there
That I would go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain
and its cloud-covered ridge?
The mule searches for its path in the mist;
In caverns dwell the ancient spawn of dragons;
Rocks tumble down, and over them,
a rush of water!
Do you know it well?
It is there! - there
That our path leads us! Oh Father,
let us depart.

translation by Emily Ezust

A trumpet that he must not blow
Because a man is dead; I dared
Not speak to let this false world know.

Much have I thought of life, and seen
How poor men's hearts are ever light;
And how their wives do hum like bees
About their work from morn till night.

So, when I hear these poor ones laugh,
And see the rich ones coldly frown
Poor men, think I, need not go up
So much as rich men should come down.

When I had money, money, O!
My many friends proved all untrue;
But now I have no money, O!
My friends are real, though very few.

Les Berceaux

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde au berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux;
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là, les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Music I heard with you

Music I heard with you was
more than music,
And bread I broke with you
was more than bread;
Now that I am without you,
all is desolate;
All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched
this table and this silver,
And I have seen your fingers
hold this glass.
These things do not remember
you, beloved,

The cradles

Along the quay the great vessels
which the swell sways in silence
take no notice of the cradles
which the hands of the women rock.

But the day of farewells will come;
for women must to weep,
and curious men must
strive for the alluring horizons!

And on that, day the great vessels,
fleeing from the diminishing port
feel their bulk held back
by the soul of the distant cradles.

translation by Christopher Goldsack

And yet your touch upon them
will not pass.

For it was in my heart that you
moved among them,
And blessed them with your
hands and with your eyes;
And in my heart they will
remember always, -
They knew you once,
O beautiful and wise.

Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoss in froher Eil'
Die launische Forelle
Vorueber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süsser Ruh'
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser helle
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang.
Er macht das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh' ich es gedacht
So zuckte seine Rute
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrog'ne an.

Take, O take those lips away

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed,
but sealed in vain!

The Trout

In a clear little brook,
There darted, about in happy haste,
The moody trout
Dashing everywhere like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
And watched, in sweet peace,
The fish's bath
In the clear little brook.

A fisherman with his gear
Came to stand on the bank
And watched with cold blood
As the little fish weaved here and there.
But as long as the water remains clear,
I thought, no worry,
He'll never catch the trout
With his hook.

But finally, for the thief,
Time seemed to pass too slowly.
He made the little brook murky,
And before I thought it could be,
So his line twitched.
There thrashed the fish,
And I, with raging blood,
Gazed on the betrayed one.

translations by Betsy Schwarm

Laudamus te

Laudámus te,
Benedícimus te,
Adorámus te,
Glorificámus te.

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
Tu-who!
Tu-whit! Tu-who! — A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
Tu-who!
Tu-whit! Tu-who! — A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

translation by Ross Klattle

La mi sola, Laureola

La mi sola, Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola.
Yo el cautivo Leriano,
Anque mucho estoy ufano,
Herido de aquella mano
Que en el mundo es una sola.
La mi sola, Laureola,
La mi sola, sola, sola.

Al amor

Dame, Amore, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos,
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento.
Y después... de muchos millares, tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta,
Desbaratemos la cuenta

We praise you

We praise You,
We bless You,
We worship You,
We glorify You.

translation by Barb Suverkrop

She, my only Laureola

She, my only Laureola,
My only one.
I, Leriano, am charmed by her beauty,
Although I am very proud,
Wounded by her hand
That in the world is unique.
She, my only Laureola,
My only one.

To love

Give me, love, kisses without count
Grasped by my hair,
And eleven hundred after that
And after that, eleven hundred more.
And then, three thousand more!
And so that no one may regret it,
Let us spoil the count